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MASTER HARRY HENDERSHOT,

THE BRAVE

DRUMMER BOY

OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK!

A Drama in 4 Acts,

Written and Dramatized by Miss Dell Hendershot, of Jackson, Mich.

According to Act of Congress in the year 1[illegible] by Miss Dell Hendershot, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

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Characters Represented.

FRANK LEWIS, Harry's Brother-in-Law, a Blacksmith.
MASTER HARRY HENDERSHOT, The Drummer Boy.
WILLIE HENDERSON, Drummer.
FRANK SHEPARD, Drummer.
TOM SMITH, Drummer.
MRS. HENDERSHOT, A Woman of Trouble.
MRS. HENDERSON, A Woman of Sorrow.
MISS ANNA HENDERSHOT, A Girl of Common Sense.

STAGE DIRECTION.—R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage.

MASTER HARRY HENDERSHOT,

THE BRAVE

DRUMMER BOY

OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK!

ACT 1.

SCENE 1.—Mrs. H. and her daughter sitting by table—Mrs. H. sewing and her daughter reading.

MRS. H.—I wonder what is keeping Harry so late? He usually gets his papers sold at 8, and it is now 10.

ANNA, (Looking up from book.)—Perhaps he has more papers to-night to sell than usual.

MRS H.—I will sit up and wait for him, as I have to get this work done by the morrow. Oh, dear! how awful it is to be poor.

ANNA.—Yes, mother, we are poor, but not so poor but what we can help those that are in more need than we are, and we ought to be thankful to him who has helped us to get aid and get work.

MRS. H.—Yes, Anna, I am thankful, and I trust we may always get work to help ourselves with.

ANNA.—When I get me a place to work, and with Harry's help and mine, we can take care of you very nicely.

MRS. H.—Yes, Anna, and may God bless you both for this.

Drum Beat.

MRS. H.—Oh, there goes them drummers again. I wonder if Harry is not with them.

ANNA.—I will look and see. (Goes to window, but sees no Harry.) I know, mother, he is not with them, nor do I see him coming. (Shuts door and takes seat again.

Drums beat again.

MRS. H.—Mercy! what if there should come war, and those boys that are drumming out there should have to go?

ANNA.—Yes, mother, we ought to be glad that Harry does not know how to drum.

MRS. H.—Yes, Anna, I am glad, for if he did he would run away and go, for he knows I would not give him my consent to go.

HARRY—whistling—

AN.—O, there he comes now.

HAR.—(Opens door and comes in whistling.)

MRS. H.—Why, what has kept you so late, to-night?

HAR., aside—(I dare not tell her. If I do she wont let me out again.) Nothing, only I had more papers to night than usual, and you see—

MRS. H.—Yes.

HAR.—It kept me out later.

MRS. H.—Well, how much did you make to-night, Harry?

HAR.—(Puts hands in pocket, pulls out money, throws it in his mother's lap, saying:) There it is; count it for yourself.

MRS. H.—Oh, you are a good boy, Harry. (Goes to count money.)

Drums beat.

HAR.—Oh, mother! mother! may I go out there and see the boys drum a little while. (Jumping up from chair.)

MRS. H.—Stops counting money, looks up and says: No, my son, no, that 'aint no place for you this time of night.

HAR., (aside.)—I will go when they go to bed.

MRS. H.—Only think, my boy, they are only learning those boys to drum so they can go to war and be killed. Would you like to go with them and be killed too?

HAR. (with a smile)—No, mother, but then—

MRS. H.—Well, what?

HAR.—If I were a man like some, I would go and fight for our country. (Aside—And I will do it if I get a chance.)

MRS. H.—Yes, but you are not a man yet; you are nothing but a mere boy, only 12 years old, and you could not fight much, I am afraid.

HAR., (aside.)— Give me a chance, and I will show you!

MRS. H.—What's that you say, Harry?

HAR. Oh, nothing, only I am sleepy. [Gaping.]

MRS. H. Well, come, it is time we were to bed long ago. [Exit all.]

SCENE I—STREET.

Boys on Street with Drums.

TOM. SMITH. I wonder if Hendershot is coming.

FRANK SHEPARD. Yes, he will be here if he can get away from his mother.

WILLIE HENDERSON.—Don't you forget but what he can. He is too cunning for his mother to be kept home. as he says.

WIL. If his mother don't let him come, he will run away and go with us.

FR. I say, boys, let us go down on the camp grounds, and when Hendershot comes he will know where to find us.

WIL and TOM. All right. [Exit all.]

Harry comes in at E First Entrance at R., with coat and hat in his hands.

HAR. Hello! this is the place I were to meet the boys, and they not here yet. [Looks to see if he can see any one coming.] I wonder if my mother has missed me yet. Guess not, for she haint up yet. I wonder what time it is; hello! there comes a man now. I will just ask him.

Enter Smith.

HAR. Say, will you tell me what time it is!

SMITH.—Well, my boy, it is time you were home, and not be out here.

HAR. Thank you, sir, for your advice. [Goes.]

SMITH.—That boy is going to run away in the morning without his mother's consent, and I think it no more than right she should know of it, so I will go and tell her myself. [Exit Smith.]

SCENE—II Hendershot's home.

Mrs. H. come in at R C.

MRS. H. It is time for Harry to be out selling his papers. Other boys are out. I will call him. [Goes.]

Anna come in at R. C

AN. Oh, my! I had an awful dream last night, and it makes me afraid; I don't know why, but it does. My mother don't believe in dreams, she says they make people crazy sometimes. I don't think they will me, any way. I am going to tell mother when she comes. Here she comes.

MRS. H.—Yes, he is gone, and so I will go and call Anna. [Mrs. H.

starts to go.]

AN. Mother, I have got something to tell you.

MRS. H.—Why, are you up?

AN. Yes, mother, and I had a dream last night, and I want to tell you it.

MRS. H. A dream? You know I don't believe in dreams, and yet why do you want to tell me them for?

AN. Well, I want you to listen to this one. [Going up beside her mother, she sits on a little stool.]

MRS. H. Well, if you want me to, why I will, so go ahead. [With a laugh.]

AN. I thought the war had come—

MRS. H. Yes, I am afraid of it.

AN. And that Harry was going away in the morning with the company, and a big man came here and says to you, Madame, your son is going away with Co. C, and if you want to see him you must come now or he will be lost.

MRS. H. Oh, nonsense, Anna! don't let such stuff bother your head

[A knock comes to the door. Anna looks surprised and says, "What if my dream should be true?"]

MRS. H. That is Harry now, trying to fool us.

AN. No, mother, it is the man I dreamed of.

MRS. H. We will see. [Goes to the door, opens it, and Smith comes in.]

AN., (Falling back in her chair.) At last my dream has come true.

MRS. H. (Looking pale.) Come in, sir, and take a chair.

SMITH. No, madame, I have come on quick business, and unless you want your son to go to Vicksburg, you must come for him at once, for the train leaves in half an hour.

MRS. H. My son going to Vicksburg? Oh, sir, you must be mistaken, for he is out selling his papers.

SMITH. No, madame, he has been down on the camp ground every day, and came there at 3 o'clock this morning, and been there ever since, learning to drum; so I thought I would come and tell you, as I didn't think you knew. [Starts to go.]

MRS. H. Stop one moment! Is there any one I can get to catch him for me? for if he knew I was after him he would run away sure.

SMITH. Yes, there is one way, and the only way.

MRS. H Tell me! for God's sake!

ANNA. Oh, my brother! my poor brother! he is gone, and I will never see him again!

SMITH. Yes you will, if you do as I want you to. That is, get a police to go after him and bring him home, and then you tie him up and whip him, and he will not run away again. *So come quick or all is lost.

(Mrs. H. picks up bonnet, puts it on her head and goes.]

ANNA. I pray to God that I may see my brother again. [Goes.]

SCENE III. Street.

Boys with Drums down by the Last House.

F. Shep. Well, boys, this is the last morning we stay here.

Har. Yes, and you bet I will fight when I get—

Police comes in at L., walks up to Harry, puts hand on his shoulder and says: "Come, my boy, your mother is wanting you at home." Frank and Tom run away.

Har., (Pulling back.) No she don't, and I 'aint agoin'.

Police. But I say yes! [Picks Harry up. Harry kicks at police. Exit.)

Scene, Hendershot House. Anna sitting at table. hand up to her head. Mrs. H. walking the floor. Frank Lewis, Harry's brother-in-law, sitting by a table on R. S. Police rap at door.

Mrs. H. Come in.

Police, (Coming in.) Here is your boy, Mrs. Hendershot.

Mrs. H, (Goes up to Harry and takes him by the arm,) What in this world were you going with those men and boys for? Do you think I am going to let you go to war?

Har., (Looking up in his mother's face.) No, mother, but I am going to war to help fight to set our country free, and if you don't give me your consent, I will run away.

Police. Bravely spoken, for one so young as him. (Exit.)

F Lewis. Let me take care of him, mother. (Rising from chair.)

Har. What? You fool!

Lewis. Yes! (Jerks Harry from his mother.) I will show you if I am a fool! (Gives Harry four cuts with a rawhide.) Take that!

Har. Frank Lewis, I will run away and go to war. and that haint all! When I get to be a man I will whip you, so help me heavens!

Lewis You will, will you! (Raises whip to strike Harry again.)

Mrs. H. Stop, Frank; that will do. (Takes Harry.) Come, we will see who runs away; you or the table! (Ties Harry to table.)

Lewis. I will watch you, my boy, and see if you will go again!

Anna, (Goes up to Harry and puts her arms around his neck.) You will be a good boy now, wont you Harry, and not go to running away and go off with those soldiers, wont you?

Har. Yes, Anna, I will, but Frank Lewis made me mad when he whipped me; he didn't hurt me any!

Anna. Shall I go and get you a nice warm breakfast now, Harry?

Har. Yes, Anna, I am very hungry! (Anna kisses him. Goes.)

Mrs. H. I am sorry, Harry, you had to be whipped and tied up here. And do you know how wicked it is for little boys to deceive their mother?

Har., (With his head bent towards the floor.) Yes, mother, but I—

MRS. H. What is it?

HAR. I didn't mean to!

MRS. H. When you asked me to let you go out last night, I told you no! and you went when we were all asleep, and told your mother such a wicked story! Now you wont do so any more, will you?

HAR. No, mother, I wont, and I will be a real good boy, too!

MRS. H. [With a sigh.] You don't know how bad it made Anna and your poor mother feel when Mr Smith came and told me my boy was going off with the soldiers to Vicksburg, and I would never see you again! Now, Harry, if I will let you up from there, will you promise me you will be a good boy, and not go near the camp ground any more?

HAR. Yes, mother, I will promise you anything!

MRS. H., [Untying him] There, now, we will see!

HAR. If you will let me go over to the depot and see little Willie Henderson and the other boys off when the cars come in!

MRS. H. Yes, if you will come right back as soon as the train starts.

HAR. Yes, mother, I will. [Raises up on his feet, puts arms around his mother's neck and kisses her, when Anna enters with tray]

AN. Here is your breakfast, Harry! (Puts tray on table. Harry sits up to table to eat; cars whistle)

HAR. There they are now, mother! [Picks up hat and starts] Good bye, mother, I will come back again!

MRS. H. Be sure, Harry, and do! [Exit Harry.]

AN. Oh, mother! suppose they should persuade Harry to go! Why did you let him go?

A knock comes to the door.

MRS, H. Come in!

A boy comes in.

BOY. Mrs. Hendershot come quick! for Harry is on the train and it will go in ten minutes, and you wont see him, for he is going to Vicksburg!

AN. I told you! I told you!

Mrs. H. and Anna put shawls on their heads and go.

SCENE IV. Street.

Cars whistle just as Mrs. H. comes in. Cars whistle again.

MRS. H. Oh! there they go!

HAR. [Halloes out aloud:] Good bye mother; I will write to you when I get to Vicksburg!

Mrs. H., [Wiping tears away] Good bye, Harry! pray often, and may the Lord have mercy upon you! [Falls weeping]

Curtain falls. End of First Act.

ACT II—SCENE 1— Woods.

Harry on his way to Murfreesboro.

HAR.—(Come in at R C entrance says,) Well, now, I want to get to town and mail this letter to my mother; how I would like to see her to-night. I don't know how I am to cross that line. (Putting hand to forehead says:) As I live, there is one of those gray coats after me; now he is creeping in the bushes to keep me from seeing him. Well, now, I will let him know that I am here, and if he wants me he will have a good chance to catch me. (Pulls revolver from belt and fires; pig grunt.) What have I done? Ah, I see, I have killed one of old Daddy Solven's pigs. (Looks surprised, says:) Well, I have commenced I might just as well finish it and then I will get the pig. (Takes it into camp, laughed, ah, jolly,) Wont the old man be mad though? (Fires again, says,] he dont grunt this time.

HAR —I expect he is dead sure this time. [Gone.]

SCENE II—Soldiers Sitting in Camp—Sam, the negro, sitting at left in corner, eating bread--some playing cards.

HAR.—[Come in with pig on his shoulder; boys look up and laugh at Harry; Harry throws pig on the floor, says,]

HAR.—Well, boys, we will have some roast pig for our dinner.

[Captain Smith sitting by his tent, says,] Where did you get that pig, sir?

HAR.—I bought it down in town.

CAPT. Whoever you bought it of was not a very good butcher.

HAR.—No, I should think not.

Drums beat, soldiers jump up, get guns, fall in ranks, Colonel come in says, Attention! Captain repeats, loud, shoulder arms! Captain repeats, loud, Forward, March! Captain repeats. Harry and Tom, Willie and Frank drums.] [Gone.] [Colonel sits down by his tent; old man Solven comes in; goes up to Colonel, says,] some of your men have killed one of my old sows and took some of it away and left me the other.

COL. Dont know anything about it, sir, but will make inquiries of the men. Do you know the one that done it?

SOLVEN. Don't know, but think it was a small boy.

COL. I will ask Captain of Co. C. Tell guard to tell Captain to come in.

COL. Captain, this man says one of your boys killed one of his pigs this morning.

CAPT. My drummer boy brought me a piece of pork, but said he bought it down in town.

COL. Go fetch him up here. [Captain goes; comes back with Harry.)

SOLVEN. That is my pig, sir. He did not buy it, for I saw him when

he was coming down and he didn't have anything in his hand, so that was my poor sow.

Harry goes up to Colonel.

Col. Do you know anything about this man's pig?

Har No sir.

Col—Where did you get the pork you took in camp this morning?

Har—From a man down town. (His face towards Colonel.) Have you a revolver?

Har—I have, sir.

Col—Let me see it.

Har—(Pull revolver from belt, give to Colonel.)

Col—(Examining it, says:) When did you fire it last?

Har—This forenoon.

Col.—How many times?

Har—Five.

Col—This gentleman says when you passed him on the road this morning you had nothing in your arms or no load of any kind, besides there were five pistol shots in his sow, so you must be the boy that killed his sow, so you will have to be put in the guard-house for two days. (Pointing to men he says:) Put this boy in the guard-house. (Men take Harry to guard-house.

Captain, Solven and Colonel goes out.

SCENE II—Street—Mail Man with Letters.

Mail Man—(Holding out a letter.) Here is a letter for Mrs. Mary Henderson, mailed Vicksburg, and one for Mrs. Hendershot. Poor woman, how I pity her since they took her boy, and that boy of hers is a right smart boy now while you are talking. Well, now, if I don't go they they wont get these letters. [Gone.]

SCENE III—Prison—Harry sitting on stool with head bent on his elbow —Negroes groan up stairs.

Har—Listen to those poor niggers up stairs; they are crying as if they had done something. I guess they are runaway slaves and been caught. and put in here until their master comes for them.

Niggers groan again.

Har—How I wish I could free them from here. (Thinks; says I can) I will just ask the guard to let me sleep down in the hall here and then I can force the door open. Here he comes now.

Guard—(Comes in, goes up to Harry, says:) It is time you was in your room.

Har—Please, sir, let me sleep down here, as the gray-backs are too numerous for my comfort in my room (seating himself) that I can't sleep. I can take a blanket and lay here on the floor.

Guard—All right, here is your blanket.

HAR—Takes blanket, lays it down by the door at center of entrance, and lays down on it.

GUARD—None of your tricks, for I have an eye on you. [Gone.]

HAR—You just keep an eye on me, will you. I knew I would fetch him. Hello! here comes the night-watch. (Lays down—guard comes through—Harry raises upon his elbow, says:) Everything is all right now, he wont be in for an hour. (Now gets up from his bed, listens for a momenti goes up to the door, and with all his strength forces it open; goes in and gets four slaves, comes out followed by the slaves says:) Now go; don't stop for your lives until you get out of the blood-hound's reach.

Old Hannah—May de Lord bless you, honey.

HAR—Thank you, and I guess he will, so good by. [Niggers gone.)

HAR—Closes the door, saying, I guess they wont catch them now. (Sinks down on his bed)

GUARD—Comes in, goes up to door, finds it unlocked, jumps back with surprise, says: There are spies here, and that boy is one. Goes up to Harry, shakes him, saying, wake up here you young scoundrel

HAR—Who—what—

GUARD—What did you let those slaves out of here for?

HAR—I did not, and I didn't hnow there was anv slaves in here. Besides, do you think I would be fool enough to let them out and get shot for it—no sir, not I.

GUARD—Yes you did, so get up and go with me.

HAR—(Aside, I will put him out of the way and get in with Company B.

GUARD—Come, get up.

HAR—Gets up and follows the guard.

SCENE—Street.

GUARD—Comes in with Harry.

HAR Turns quick on guard—fires.

GUARD Falls dead.

HAR Another gray coat gone, (Goes out.) Two guards on duty come in, takes the dead one out, saying, another of our boys shot. [Gone.]

SCENE IV—Rappahannock—Drums beat--come in and stand at entrance —Drums, Soldiers, Captain, Halt.

Drums beat.

COL Captain of Company B and his men must go across at the word of command.

Harry is the first one in the boat.

CAPT. COOK Here my boy, you are too small to be in this fight, so you can't go, you will be killed.

HAR. I do not care if I am killed, I am willing to die for my country.

CAPT Bravely spoken; but you can't go.

HAR May I push the boat out? (Getting out of boat.)

CAPT Yes, if that will please you. (Captain and his men get in boat, he says,) all ready.

HAR (Throwing his drum over his shoulder he says:) Now is my time, pushes the boat out, clings to boat and crosses Rappahanock. Soldiers give three cheers for Harry. Harry sees a rebel, goes up to him and says aloud, halt, or I will shoot.

REBEL I surrender.

HAR Brings him across. (Soldiers gives three cheers for the Drummer Boy of the Rappahanock.)

CAPT. OF CO. C. Do you want some help?

HAR No, I am enough for him.

COL Bravely spoken my boy. If you keep on in this way before many more years you will be in my place. (Soldiers give cheers for Harry again.)

Curtain falls. End of Second Act.

ACT III.—Scene 1. Hospital. Harry sitting in H. P. Harry and another soldier sick.

Har. (Laying on blanket on the floor.) Mother, mother! Oh! do bring me a drink of water!

Another Soldier. Water! Water!

Willie comes in to see Harry. Goes up to him and says :)

Wil. How do you feel, to-day, Harry? Are you better?

Har. Who be you? You are a rebel! Get out of here or I will— [Tries to raise. Falls back.]

Wil., (Kneeling by Harry.) He thinks I am a rebel. Poor little brother! how sick he is. (Takes off his cap.) See, Harry, I am Willie, your brother, who drums with you in Co. B. See, don't you know me?

Har. (Raising up on his elbow.) Give me a drink of water!

Willie gets water and gives Harry a drink.

Har. Oh, Willie, you are so good and kind! Where is my mother? 'Aint she come yet? You will stay with me till she comes, wont you?

Wil. No, Harry, I can't, for I ran away to get to see you this time, and I must hurry back before they miss me. I will come and see you to-morrow. Good bye, Harry; be a good boy. (Exit Willie.)

Har. Oh, if mother was here she would comfort me!

Soldier. Water! Water!

Har. Here is some I will bring you. [Trying to raise, falls back. Tries it again. Catches hold of a chair and raises himself up, staggers to the soldier and gives him the cup.) Take this cup; there is a graycoat, let me shoot him! [He is the Colonel. Harry picks up gun and rests it on the window.] Get in the house, you graycoat, or I will shoot you.

Col. Shoot if you dare!

[Harry fires, Colonel falls with a cry.]

Sol. What have you done, boy?

Har. I have shot the rebel colonel.

Sol. Oh, mercy! mercy!

Rebel soldiers rush upon the hospital, set fire to it, and go in and take Harry and some of the others, leaving Uncle Sam in.

Sam. Oh, God! have mercy on me!

SCENE II—Street. Willie on his way to camp.

Wil. Well, here I am on the dead line, and I don't know as I am going to get over without the guard's seeing me. Poor Harry, how sick

he must be. If he was here he could get over all right; he is a good boy. It seems as though he were my brother; he calls me his little brother, and if he should die how lonesome I would be. All the boys like him; even our enemies do. Well, I must be off before they miss me. If they do miss me they will put me in the guard-house, so I will venture across. (Exit.)

HAR. Thank God! I am away from those devils. I wouldn't have got away so easy if the two had been there, but they left only one guard over me and he went to sleep, so I just put one of these though his head to make him sleep harder. [Shoots revolver, and looking around, sees Willie.] As I see, there is Willie, and he is on the dead line; he will be shot! [Calling "Willie, Willie!" he runs out.]

SCENE III. Dead line. One guard stands at right side entrance, cannon at centre. Back of scene, guard with gun aimed at Willie. Guard says "halt!" Willie keeps on, guard fires and Willie falls. Harry runs up to Willie and falls on his knees. Guard about to fire, when two niggers with guns aimed at him, say, "Surrender!" Rebel drops gun by his side, and puts arm on barrel of gun.

HAR. Willie! Willie! See, don't you know me? 'Tis I, your brother Harry. [Raises his head on his arm.] He is not dead yet. Oh, Willie do speak! Give me a message for your poor mother, who will miss you, oh, how much!

WIL. Yes, Harry, tell her— I die, I die! [Puts hand on breast.] Oh! it hurt me so!

HAR. [With hand up to his face] Oh, how I pity his poor mother when she hears of her son's death.

WIL. Tell her I die happy, and for me she must not weep; tell her how I longed to kiss her ere I sunk in death to sleep! [Falls back dead.]

Harry clasping his hands as if praying. A beautiful Tableaux.

Curtain Falls. End of Third Act.

ACT IV—SCENE I— Hendershot's Home.

MRS. H Dressed in black, white handkerchief around her neck, and cap on.

ANNA Dressed in black with white apron on. Mrs. H. sitting by table, sewing. Anna on D S table.

ANNA Oh, it is so lonely since Harry went away.

MRS. H. Yes, Anna, and I trust he may come back ere long safe. (Knock at door. Mrs. H. goes to door. Mail boy gives her two letters. Shuts door says,) here are two letters, and thank God they are from your dear brother. (Goes to seat, opens letter, reads a few lines, drops letters on the floor and falls back faint.)

AN Why mother, what is the matter, [jumping up from her chair goes to her mother's side, says,] is Harry dead? Oh, mother! [Picking up letters.

MRS. H [Comes to again, says,] read it there Anna, 'you can see to better than I can.

ANNA [Reads letters.]

Kentucky, June 24, 2861.

Mrs. Hendershot:—Your son is very sick, but not in danger. He was taken to the hospital this morning, and should he get any worse I will let you know at once. Don't worry about him, he is in good care.

Yours. Truly,

Capt. Smith, of Co. B.

MRS. H Oh! why did I let him go? Oh, mercy!

AN Don't worry so, mother Let us trust in God that he may be spared and come home to us safe. But see, mother, and if my eyes dod't deceive me it is from brother himself. [kissing envelope, opens it and reads as foliow:] June 25, 1861. Dear Mother and Sister:—I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive, but I am able to fight or drum. While I was laying in the hospital sick I was out of my head. One day one of the soldiers asked for a drink of water and I got up and gave him some of the water that Willie brought me. Poor Willie, how I miss him.

AN (Looks up surprised, says) It can't be that Willie Hendershot is dead.

MRS. H Oh, dear, what will she do? Oh! mercy!

AN Wait mother, and we will see. [Reads letter] I gave it to soldier and as I looked out of window I saw a Rebel Colonel, and I ran for my gun to shoot him. I said to him, "get in the house you rebel or I will shoot you." He said he would not go in and and dared me to shoot. You know I wont take a dare, so I fired and he fell dead, when the whole regiment came in on us; took me and some others a prisoner and left the others there, burned the building down, and then you see I got away from there, and as I was going into Company B I saw Willie on the dead line. I called to him but he did not hear. The guard told him to halt, but he did not, so I ran to him as the guard fired at him, but did not kill him then. But the last words he spoke was, "tell my mother I die happy, and

for me she must not weep. Tell her how I wanted to kiss her before I sank in death to sleep."

MRS. H Oh! mercy! How sad it is for one so young as him to die way off there, and no mother to look on him. Poor Mrs. Henderson, how lonely she will be.

AN Yes mother, but then we can go and see her every day. Ah! who is it coming so early in the morning as this. (Knock at door.]

MRS. H Come in Uncle Tom, (comes in, says:) Good mistress and Miss Anna, good morning. (Both speak) Good morning Uncle Tom.

AN (Sewing; gets up from chair says:) Here Uncle Tom, take the chair and seat yourself. (Tom takes chair.)

AN (Gets stool sits down by his feet. Mrs. H. sits by table at R S, says:) Uncle Tom, how is your Mistress this morning?

UNCLE TOM Oh, Mrs. Hendershot, poor Mistress and so am Tom so lonely without Master Willie, but de Lord knowed best, and I told Misses dat Master Willie would never come back alive again. Master Willie was too good to live long. (Wiping tears away.)

AN Yes, Uncle Tom, Willie was a good boy, and let us trust he is safe in heaven.

UNCLE TOM Oh, Miss Anna, you are good like Master Willie, and I am afraid Miss Anna will go home ere long. Oh, mercy! Uncle Tom forgot to tell you dat Misse wanted you and Miss Anna to come over this morning. Poor Misses is so lonely. [Rising from his chair.]

MRS. H. Very well, Uncle Tom, we will come.

AN Yes, Uncle Tom, wait and we will go along with you. (Goes gets things.)

TOM Good Lord bless her.

AN Come Uncle Tom, we are ready now.

TOM yes, Mis Anna. [Gone.]

SCENE II—Street.

Mr. Smith on his way to Mrs. Hendersons meets boy, says:

SMITH Can you tell me where Mrs. Henderson lives.

BOY Yes, sir; she lives where you see the large white house with green blinds; up on the hill.

SMITH All right, thank you, my boy. [Gone.]

BOY Thank you my boy. I wonder if he thinks I am his boy—if he does he is mightily mistaken, anyway. Wonder what he wants with Mrs. Henderson—marry her I guess. (Laugh.) I wonder what Willie would say to come home and find a step father He would make a fine father, he would. I will see if he goes there. Yonder he goes up the hill. Well, I am after him. (Gone.)

SCENE III—Camp Ground—Soldiers in Camp—Some Playing Cards, Some Eating.

HAR (Getting up, says:) Well, boys, I am going to start for home to-day to see my dear mother and sister once more and my old home.

ONE SOLDIER We can't get along without you, Harry. We wont have

any one to make fun for us.

HAR Oh, yes you will. There is Jim, he will make all the fun you boys want; won't you Jim?

JIM (The nigger sitting in corner eating bread. Looks up at Harry with mouth full of bread says:) Ha!

HAR I say you will make lots of fun for the boys when I am gone.

JIM Yes, yes! (Soldiers laugh.)

HAR Well, boys, I must be off so as to catch the train.

CAPT Wont you favor the boys with a song befo.e you go.

HAR I will; what will it be?

CAPT "The Old Home is Lonely Without You."

HAR (Sings song—soldiers cheer him, when he says,) Well, boys, good by. (Shakes hands with Captain and the boys; goes up to Jim, takes Jim by hand, says:) Be a good boy and make lots of fun for the boys.

JIM Yes, sar, I will.

HAR (Taking drum, says:) Good by, boys, good by. (Soldiers cheer, Harry gone, drums beat, soldiers get their guns and all fall in ranks.)

CAPT Forward, march! (All gone but Jim. Jim looks up, sees all gone; runs gets his gun, comes back for bread, makes out. [Gone.]

Street Scene.

(Mail man with letter in hand comes in says:) Hello! here is another letter for Mrs. Hendershot, and is in care of Mrs. M. Henderson. I won't have far to go with this one so I had better go now I guess. [Gone]

SCENE IV—Henderson's Home—Mrs. Hendershot sitting by table on L S—Mrs. Henderson at R C—Anna on sofa.

TOM (Comes in says:) Misses, de mail man done give me a letter for you. (Gives letter to Mrs. Hendershot. Mrs. Hendershot takes letter says,) Thank you Tom. Here, Anna, you may read it for me.

AN (takes letter says:) Here Uncle Tom, you set here, (giving Tom place on sofa.)

AN (Looking at envelope:) Oh, good, it is from dear brother, whom we have not heard of so long. Wait till I see what he says. (Tears open envelope, reads:)

Louisville, Ky., July 12, 1861.

Dear Mother and Sister:—You may look for me home in two weeks from date.

AN [Kisses letter and says:] Oh! good!

MRS. H Thank Heaven.

Mrs Henderson, weeping.

AN Oh, Mrs Henderson, what is the matter?

MRS. H Oh, if my Willie could have lived to come too.

UNCLE TOM Groans.

AN If it is this letter that hurts you I will not read it here.

MRS. H Yes, yes, go on and read it; it seems so good to think he is coming home. [Finish reading.] And he is going to see Willie's mother.

Look for us from date. [Looks, says :] Why, that is to-day.

Mrs H And to-day my boy will be home.

An Yes, and he proposed coming here.

Mrs. Henderson I am glad he thought of coming here. He will tell me all about Willie.

Uncle Tom Miss Anna, wont you sing that song you were singing at home yesterday for Tom. Miss Anna, I know it was wrong in Tom, but Tom couldn't help it for it sound as if de angels war in dar that Tom had to listen.

An [With a laugh] Then it was you, was it Uncle Tom, that was under my window.

Tom Yes, Miss Anna, and if you only will—

An Yes, Uncle Tom, I will ; but do you know what one it was?

Tom Yes, Miss Anna, it was "Darling's Last Letter."

An [Sing, Mrs. H, head rest on hand ; Mrs. Henderson, with head on on arm on table, weeping ; Tom with elbow bent on knee, head on hands.]

An [Singing. Kate comes to door, says :] Misses, two men down in de sitting room wishes to see Misses Mrs. Henderson.

Mrs. H Show them in. [Kate goes.]

Kate Comes in with Harry and Smith. [All leap up in surprise.]

An Oh, brother! [Puts arms around neck, kissing him.]

Mrs. H [The same, and says :] Thank God my boy has come home safe at last.

Har [Goes up to Mrs. Henderson, says :] Oh! Mrs. Henderson, it is sad I know. [Both cry. Mrs. H 's head on Harry's shoulder.]

Mrs. H Oh, you don't know how lonely I feel. You will stay with me now, wont you? You would be all the comfort I would want. Say yes, do. Your mother and sister are welcome to my home here.

Har Yes, Mrs. Henderson, I will stay. [Mrs. Henderson falls back in chair.]

Har (Goes up to Tom, takes him by hand, saying: Poor Uncle Tom, how lonely he looks. I will do all I can to make comfort for him.] Uncle Tom, look, don't you know me?

Tom [Looks up, says :] Yes, Master Harry, but it makes Tom lonely and sad, but if Master Harry and Miss Anna comes to live here Tom wont be so lonely any more.

Har Well, Tom, it shall be at your request.

Anna and Uncle Tom stand by sofa—Harry and his mother in center—Mrs. Henderson and Smith stand at L C of them.

Har [With drum on table, point at it, says :] Mother, you were afraid to let me go to war, so I ran away and went, and thank God I came out all safe. But I had some pretty close calls, but got over them, and can now bear the name of Master Harry Hendershot, the brave Drummer Boy of the Rappahanock.

Curtain falls. End of Fourth Act.

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